

IDEAS.

The world fears a spiritual church.
Obedience is the key to every door.
—McDonald.

I will be lord over myself.—Goethe.
All the good of which humanity is
capable, is comprised in obedience.
—J. Stuart Mill

From obedience and submission
spring all other virtues, as all sin does
from self-opinion.—Montaigne.

I was not disobedient unto the
heavenly vision.—St. Paul.

Take Notice.

Dr. Burgess will preach next Sunday morning on "What killed Christ and who are His Murderers." In the evening there will be a lecture at the Chapel by Prof. Mason on his visit last summer to the Oberammergau Passion Play, under the auspices of C. E. society.

During next week services will be held at the Chapel at the vesper hour at 6:30. The history of the closing days of Christ's life will be briefly presented. On Friday the services will be at 3:30 p. m. Short addresses at these meetings will be given by Revs. Lodwick, Dodwell, Frost, and Dodge. The services will be worshipful and spiritual. All are invited.

FROM THE WIDE WORLD.

There is an alliance offensive and defensive between England and Portugal.

There is a famine in the country districts of Italy, owing to the failure of crops last year.

Russia is on the verge of a revolution. The Czar has been forced to leave St. Petersburg. Moscow and other large cities are declared in a state of siege.

The United States proposes that the \$400,000,000 indemnity to be paid by China, be equally divided between the eight foreign powers.

Russia and England have withdrawn their troops from the disputed territory in Tien Tsin.

IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

There are no such things as "patent medicines." For many years the U. S. Patent Office has refused to grant patent protection for any compound within the domain of materia medica. Foreign countries follow the same course.

Leaders who have inside information say that under present conditions the digging of the Nicaragua canal will not be commenced for years.

Alabama democrats are endeavoring to rid themselves of the bulk of the Negro vote by securing a constitutional revision of the franchise laws.

There is a movement in Washington to erect a monument to Gen. John C. Fremont, the "Pathfinder."

Judge Wm. H. Taft is to be the first American Civil Governor of the Philippines.

In order to promote the return of peace in the Philippines, Gen. McArthur has issued a proclamation offering \$30 in silver to every insurgent who surrenders a serviceable gun.

The state of Maryland has a law restricting the franchise. She is now in line with South Carolina.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

Richard Beard was convicted at Frankfort, Saturday of selling his vote and was disfranchised for ten years.

Ex-Congressman Barry, of Newport, has retired from politics.

The Civil Service Commission does not want Internal Revenue Collector Hupp, of Louisville, re-appointed.

Government reports show that the egg crop of Kentucky is greater than that of the immense tobacco crop, and that the value of eggs and poultry exceeds the value of all the agricultural crops of the state.

Editor J. C. Cunningham, late of the Danville News, has purchased the Burgin Record and will run it independently.

Acting Governor Carter refused to pardon E. K. Wilson, the Laurel Co. lawyer, convicted of killing his mistresses.

Representatives of the mine owners, operators and miners of Kentucky, are in conference in Louisville, to consider a wage scale for Kentucky for the year beginning April 1.

Locals and Personals.

Wm. Ogg killed a mad dog at Disputanta.

Mrs. A. T. Fish has returned from Cincinnati.

Mrs. Lizzie Burke is recovering from her illness.

Dr. McCoy has returned from a trip to Richmond.

Mrs. E. L. Robinson is very ill at her home on Center St.

Several mad dogs have been killed in the vicinity of Berea.

Miss Laura Spence is in the hospital to be treated for rheumatism.

Miss Janie Johnson, of Cincinnati, is visiting friends here this week.

Bert Coddington has purchased the A. P. Settle's property on Center St.

T. A. Robinson and D. N. Welch have returned from a trip to Mt. Vernon.

A carload of commercial fertilizer has been received for the College farm.

Bicknell & Early delivered a Superior Grain Drill to E. D. Mitchell, Monday.

Mrs. Fannie Koeler and Miss Mil-da Napier, of Cartersville, were here last week.

Frank Washington, brother of Mrs. A. W. Titus, leaves Saturday, for Buffalo, N. Y.

Prof. S. C. Mason purchased of Mrs. Dr. Fairchild her property on Prospect Ave.

John Gabbard, who has been on a trip to Florida, has returned much improved in health.

The Superior Grain Drill is the "Best On Earth," and for sale by Bicknell & Early, Berea, Ky.

Jackson Henderson and Maryzenetta Grundy were baptized and received in the Church of Berea, Sunday.

Elijah Logan and Anna Doty were baptized in Brushy Fork Sunday afternoon by Rev. H. J. Derthick.

Miss Ora Early, of Medaryville, Ind., a niece of J. M. Early, has entered school for the Spring Term.

Harley Racer, President of the college Y. M. C. A., was delegate to the Convention, at Danville March 22-24.

Orders for pies, doughnuts, and other products of the Cooking School may be made to Miss Stokes at the Model House.

Miss Mary M. Woodberry, of Boston, Mass., and Mrs. Alice G. West, of Worcester, Mass., are guests of Mrs. Wm. G. Frost.

Dr. Burgess' sermon on "The Truth Concerning the Mode of Baptism," Sunday morning, was especially well received by his hearers.

Miss F. H. Müller, of London, England, and a member of the school board of that city, visited Pres. Frost and the college last week.

See this line of Farm Necessaries, McCormick Machines, Avery Plows, and Harrows, Weber Wagons and etc. Beat them if you can. Bicknell and Early.

The Lyceum course closes Saturday night, March 30, with an entertainment by Prof. James Madison Chapman the gifted Elocutionist and Impersonator.

Covington and Banks, the Merchant Tailors and Men's Furnishers, of Richmond, are making extra effort to capture the Spring trade. Notice their advertisement on front page. They have an unusually well selected and full stock for the season.

James Moore, one of our neighboring farmers, has purchased a new McCormick Reaper and Binder. This speaks encouragingly for the prospect of a good grain crop. The enterprising firm of Bicknell & Early are the McCormick agents in Berea.

Rev. Herbert A. Wilder, Miss Wilder, and Mrs. Dr. Wm. H. Davis, of Newton, Mass., returning from a trip to Florida, spent Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, with President and Mrs. Frost. Mr. Wilder is a member of the Board of Trustees, of Berea College.

Mrs. Nellie Kedzie, of Peoria Ill., and Rev. E. M. Fairchild, of Brooklyn, N. Y. returned to their homes, Friday; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Kirshner, of Kansas City, Mo., left Saturday; Mrs. G. T. Fairchild, Dr. Paul Fairchild and Mrs. Francis White left for Brooklyn, N. Y., Saturday. Mrs. Fairchild will for the present make her home in Brooklyn, with her daughter, Mrs. Francis White.

Madison County.

Miss Nettie Johnson, of Blue Lick, a former student at Berea, and Sherman Baker, of Owsley Fork, were married Thursday, at Berea, Rev. Geo. Ames officiating.

Kirksville has a broom factory. The factory opened last week. The output is for the wholesale trade exclusively.

In Richmond, Monday, two residences and a school-room were burned. Loss \$3000, partly insured. Tuesday morning another fire started in the home of C. H. Hunley. Damage small.

Joe Baker cut Louis Peyton on the shoulder, during an altercation in Harris' saloon, Richmond, last Saturday.

Quarterly Court is in session at Richmond, Judge Million presiding.

Farmers report the outlook for grass discouraging. The rains of this week are of great value.

The Cumberland Telephone Co., will begin to extend their lines in this county this week. A new line is to be put in between Richmond and Valley View.

Circuit Court convenes in Richmond next Monday.

Rev. J. M. Bailey has been called to the pastorate of the Second Christian church of Richmond.

The proprietors of one of the joints on First street were pulled Monday morning and fined \$10 for selling beer on Sunday.—Register.

College Items.

Mr. Frank L. Fairchild, of Mt. Vernon, O., a cousin of Dr. Fairchild, and manufacturer of Corliss engines, spoke, at the request of President Frost, on a business man's advice to college students and made practical suggestions which were of the highest value.

Prof. Carl Kenaston, of Oberlin, O., who was a former classmate of Dr. Fairchild and once associated with our Prof. Rogers in educational work in Ohio, made a few remarks upon his acquaintance with Oberlin men, which were very interesting. He paid a feeling tribute to Dr. Fairchild.

The division of College students, who meet for morning prayers in Phi Delta Hall, were led in worship on Thursday morning by Pres. Nichols, of the State Agricultural College of Kansas, who made a few telling remarks from the text in the book of James: "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." Mrs. Nellie S. Kedzie, of Peoria, Ill., who has been one of the pioneers in the teaching of Domestic Science and who gave a lecture a year ago, which was much appreciated, was here to attend the funeral of Dr. Fairchild, and gave an informal talk to the young men at the College Chapel one morning, introduced by Pres. Frost. It will be remembered with pleasure by those who heard it.

Extracts from Town Ordinances.

MISCELLANEOUS.—ART. XIV.

SEC. 4. It shall be the duty of the Marshal to prosecute all violations of these ordinances which, come under his personal observation, or of which he receives reliable information.

In case of disturbances, under circumstances that he cannot secure a writ and see the offenders committed, he is empowered to make arrests, and put offenders in confinement until processes can regularly be issued.

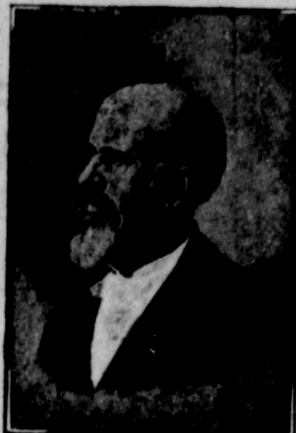
He may appoint deputies to any number necessary for a given occasion, and may summon a posse to assist him in apprehending or arresting an offender.

Any person thus summoned by the Marshal in an official capacity and failing to render assistance in good faith, shall be fined not less than five nor more than ten dollars for each offense.

The March term of the Berea police court was held Saturday by Judge Van Winkle. The following cases were before the court: Com'th vs. Matt Isaacs, breach of peace, fined \$1 and cost; Com'th vs. James Cornelius, drunk and disorderly, continued; Com'th vs. Campbell Pigg, selling liquor, continued; Com'th vs. John B. Pigg, contempt, continued; Town of Berea vs. A. W. Titus, hogs running at large, dismissed; Com'th vs. Durrett Rogers, forfeiture of bond, continued; Wm. Robinson vs. Salem Weaver, petition, petition dismissed and judgement for cost; L. A. Wadkins vs. Daniel Baker, damage, verdict of \$12.50 and cost for plaintiff.

John Carpenter, residing near Mt. Gilead, has been arrested on the charge of robbing the Mt. Gilead Post-office a few nights ago.

George Thompson Fairchild.



HIS PUBLIC LIFE AND SERVICES.

The funeral and memorial exercises following the death of Dr. Fairchild were such as to impress all with the value and greatness of the life which was ended. President Nichols came from Kansas to offer a feeling and eloquent tribute, and President Taylor of the State Normal in Kansas sent a letter, regretting that he could not be present in person. The remarks of Prof. Mason, who had been a pupil as well as a colleague of Dr. Fairchild, were well chosen and affecting; and the final address by Dr. Burgess gave a fitting crown to the occasion. We publish the outline of Dr. Fairchild's life by Pres. Frost, which was the only written address.

FRIENDS, FELLOW STUDENTS, AND NEIGHBORS:

How can we speak when the heart is dumb with sorrow? How can we listen to any human voice when God is speaking through his mysterious providence as he speaks to-day?

Each one of us in this church-house has lost a friend. The growing plans of this College are brought to a pause. Earnest hearts in all parts of this broad land are beating in sympathy with ours to-day as we stand beside the vacant tenement from which a great spirit has gone up to God.

In such an event our heavenly Father says to us in no uncertain tone, "Set thy house in order," "for what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanishes away." Realizing something of the great change that has passed upon our comrade and leader, we are reminded how frail we are. And standing beside the door that has opened so near to us to let him through into the life beyond we see all the things in this life in a new and clearer light.

But with these divine voices of admonition are mingled other voices which tell of encouragement and good cheer. This is a triumphant day in heaven, and angels are telling over, as we are telling over upon earth, the story of a good life.

Among the purest and noblest figures of Roman history is that of the matron Cornelia, known as "the mother of the Gracchi." She called her sons her jewels, and lived to see them perform high services for their country. There is something divinely touching about the fame of a mother. She is the type of unselfishness. She works not for her own glory and does not seek to be known or honored except in her children. The woman who neglects husband and household to perform something that could be done as well or better by a man is widely heralded and made notorious if not famous; but Cornelia, Scipio's daughter, Tiberius Gracius' wife, represents a class of women who are on fire to serve humanity, but who have the rare grace of modesty, and the devotion of self effacement, and are famous, if at all through their children.

America has had some women of the Cornelia pattern and among them must be counted Nancy Harris, a Puritan maiden born in the Berkshire hills of western Massachusetts who married Granison Fairchild during the war of 1812.

Those were pioneer days, and a few years after their marriage the young couple moved into the wilderness of northern Ohio, made a clearing, erected a log house, and began life in the humble fashion which still lingers in places familiar to some of us. I have heard that woodland home described by Dr. Fairchild's older brothers. As boys they went to sleep with the howling of wolves ringing in their ears. They were much employed in burning logs, leaching ashes and making potash, which was about the only product which they could haul to Cleveland and exchange for money. They made the covering for

(CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.)

SPRING SUITS

We are pleased to announce that our new stock is now complete in every department. Make us a visit, and we'll show you a line of SPRING SUITS second to none in the land. All our clothing is manufactured for us by the best wholesale tailors in the country, and each garment is made to conform to the highest standard of excellence in every detail. Not a point is overlooked. Fabric, Style, Fit, and Workmanship all must run the gauntlet of scrutiny in every instance. And the price is never higher than others ask for inferior goods. In our great assortment of styles and range of prices, you'll find something to your notion.

Don't forget our splendid lines of
Shoes, Hats, Shirts, Ties, Etc.

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Richmond, Ky.

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I have Good, Fresh Beef
or Pork constantly on
hand at popular prices.

Blacksmithing done at the same
stand at lowest rates for good
work.

P. M. REYNOLDS, - Depot St.
June 6 01

E. B. McCOY, Dentist,
Berea, Kentucky.

Center Street Art Gallery.
C. I. OGG, Proprietor.

Up-to-date Photos. Nothing
but the best finish at the low-
est price.

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every
county to represent large company of solid finan-
cial reputation; \$936 salary per year, payable
weekly; \$5 per day absolutely sure and all ex-
pense; straight, bonafide, definite salary, no com-
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money advanced each week. STANDARD
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A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest cir-
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Send us 24-cent stamps and we will mail you a knife the exact size of this picture; it has 2 blades,
and retails generally at 75 cts., but to get you to try them we will send you one for 45 cts. or
24-cent stamps. Your wife wants a pair, of



Catalogue we will mail you free if you ask for it. Address, MAHER & GROSS CO. 69
Adams St., Toledo, Ohio, and mention the Citizen.

CLEANING UP SALE of Winter Goods

OUR CLEANING UP SALE will continue until March 16th.
During this Sale all Ladies' and Children's Heavy Shoes, and all
Men's and Boys' Heavy Shoes, Boots, B-boots, High Cut Shoes, Felt
Boots, and Rain Coats, all Winter Underwear for Men and Boys, all
Winter Caps, Work Shirts, and Glove, every thing in Winter Goods
will be sold at

Special Cut Prices.

We wish to close out all Winter Goods before receiving Spring Goods
Should you want anything to bridge over the storms of March with, it will
be our pleasure to show you our goods and give you prices.

We will Save You Money
Thanking you for past patronage and soliciting your future demands
WE ARE RESPECTFULLY,

207
WEST
MAIN

Douglas Bros.

207
WEST
MAIN

STREET Richmond Ky. STREET.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Interesting Events Taken From Throughout the Country Boiled Down and Given in a Condensed Form.

MONDAY.

The bubonic plague continues to spread in Cape Town.

Several officers and men in the province of Cavite surrendered to the Americans.

Judge Jos. M. Bartholomew, ex-Justice of the North Dakota supreme court, dropped dead.

Rev. Stonehouse, of the London missionary society, was murdered by brigands 14 miles east of Tien-Tsin.

Kapovich, the assassin of Bogolteff, Russian minister of public instruction, has been sentenced to hard labor for life.

Severe fighting occurred March 22 between the British and Boers at Hartbeestfontein, east of Klerksdorp, Transvaal.

It is thought the Platt amendment will be adopted by the Cuban constitutional convention. The radicals, however, still hold out.

The Geneva correspondent of the London Daily Mail says it is reported there that Mr. Kruger, if his health permits, will visit the United States next month.

Mr. Edward W. Hooper, former treasurer of Harvard college, fell from the third story of his residence, in Boston, and received serious, though it is believed not fatal, injuries.

Two sections of an oil train at Glen Gardner, N. J., collided, the oil tanks exploded and the fluid took fire. The blazing oil ran through the town in small rivulets. Eleven houses, stores and residences were reduced to ashes.

The political situation in Russia is so serious that the Czar held a meeting of the ministers to consider the state of affairs. A revolution is threatened. The police at St. Petersburg have discovered a plot against the Czar's life.

A Japanese squadron has left Nagasaki for Korea, and the situation is considered serious. Urgent instructions have been issued to commanders of forts to attend a conference at Tokio to consider questions of home defense. War between Japan and Russia is threatened.

SUNDAY.

Secret police in all the great cities in Europe have evidence of a plot by nihilists to assassinate the Czar of Russia.

Sapphires and rubies have been found in great abundance in the yellow clay on Yogo Creek, Fergus county, Montana.

George Washington Anderson, of St. Mary's, W. Va., confesses to having been married 17 times, most of his wives are still living.

Mrs. Leutgers' ghost is said to haunt the famous Leutgers sausage factory, Chicago, where she was killed by her husband some years ago.

In a collision between a freight train and a trolley car, at Cincinnati, John Seifer, conductor, was killed, Mortimer Jacob Teller, was fatally injured, and several passengers hurt.

The new Pacific mail steamship, Korea, was launched at Newport News, Va. She is the largest vessel of any type built on this hemisphere. She will ply between San Francisco and Hong-Kong.

Japan must go it alone in her trouble with Russia. None of the powers are willing to do more than to perfunctorily object to Russia's treaty with China to the Manchuria question. Minister Tokuhira, at Washington, says Japan will not permit the signing of the treaty.

SATURDAY.

The cruiser New York arrived at Gibraltar after a tempestuous voyage.

All the United States Krag-Jorgensen rifles will be supplied with new sights.

The steamship Ohio has been chartered to carry troops between San Francisco and Manila.

A total shipment of coal from Pittsburgh during March will aggregate 30,000,000 bushels.

The Arkansas house passed the senate bill for the suppression of gambling in that state.

A new counterfeit \$5 note on the National Iron bank, of Morristown, N. J., is in circulation.

Lieut. Gov. John A. Caldwell, of Ohio, is talked of to succeed the late Mark S. Brewer as civil service commissioner.

Kenyon B. Conger, a Wall street broker, went into voluntary bankruptcy with \$553,095 liabilities and assets of \$1,500.

The agricultural department will soon issue a report on the agricultural and horticultural aspects of the Hawaiian Islands.

A negro, on his way to trial in Halifax county, Virginia, for burning a stable, was taken from the officers by a mob and shot to death.

Vice President Roosevelt was given an informal dinner in New York by Capt. Wm. L. Flanagan, a member of Roosevelt's staff, while governor.

The result of the combined movements against Gen. Jour, near Thaba N'Chu, was the capture of 200 Boers, 120,000 sheep, 5,000 horses and a host of cattle.

The committee of the Cuban constitutional convention rejected four clauses of the Platt amendment, viz.: Dealing with coal stations, foreign relations, the right to intervene to preserve peace, and the entering into treaties.

FRIDAY.

An anti-cigarette bill was passed by the Minnesota senate. Gen. Harrison's estate is appraised at \$380,000. His life was insured for \$40,000.

The price of Bessemer pig iron has advanced \$4 a ton in the last two months.

The Russian and British troops have been withdrawn from the land in dispute at Tien Tsin.

While tearing down an old residence in St. Louis, workmen found six skulls under the floor.

The Boer leaders announce that they will accept annexation on certain conditions and end the war.

Gen. Wm. H. Wallace, one of the historic figures in South Carolina, died at his home at Union, S. C.

The transfer from the military to the civil government in the Philippines will take place about June 30.

Still protesting his innocence, Milo Gregory was hanged at Kennett, Mo., for the murder of his employer, Jos. Covert.

Jacob D. Marr, despondent farmer, near Clinton, Me., killed his three little children with an ax. He was arrested and says he does not know why he did the terrible deed.

Gen. Bates, now in the Philippines, will relieve Gen. Merriam, in command of the department of the Missouri, and Gen. Young will assume command of the department of California, vice Gen. Shafter, retiring.

Near Coldbrook, Mass., in a fit of insanity, Mrs. Lizzie Naramore killed her six children, ranging in age from 8 years to 10 months. She used an ax and a club. After arranging their blood-stained bodies on beds, she laid down beside them and cut her throat. She will die.

THURSDAY.

The severest blizzard for several years raged through Western Wisconsin.

At Terry, Miss., Jerry Bell, colored, was taken from officers by a mob and hanged.

Rev. Arthur Edwards, editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate, Chicago, is dead.

The islands visited by the Philippine commission are reported to be in a satisfactory condition.

Mrs. Lottie Jones, colored, has started a raid on the policy shops and policy games in Chicago.

The powers can not come to an agreement on the amount of indemnity China should pay for the Boxer outrages.

It is reported that ex-Senator E. O. Wolcott will be appointed to be Secretary of the Interior, to succeed Mr. Hitchcock.

Captain Lucius Polk has been promoted to the rank of brevet major for gallant action at Hilonos, Philippine Islands.

The British and Russian guards still occupy the land in controversy at Tien Tsin, but a satisfactory adjustment is expected.

Gen. Campbell's column had heavy fighting going to and coming from Vredo. There are many bands of roving Boers near Slandertown.

A movement is on foot to consolidate the coal producing interests in Illinois into one mammoth combine, thus controlling more than 900 mines.

The Olympia, Admiral Dewey's flagship, has been docked at Boston. The government will spend about \$500,000 on her for alterations and routine repairs.

Tiptonville, Tenn., was nearly destroyed by fire, only four business houses escaping. It is thought the flames were started by friends of Ike Fitzgerald, who was lynched there a few days ago.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, March 23.	
CATTLE—Common	3 50 @ 3 55
Extra butchers	4 50 @ 4 90
CALVES—Extra	6 25 @ 6 70
HOGS—Select shippers	5 05 @ 5 15
Mixed packers	5 55 @ 6 15
SHEEP—Extra	4 50 @ 4 60
LAMBS—Extra	6 00 @ 6 10
FLOUR—Spring pat.	3 80 @ 4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 red	79 1/2 @ 80
CORN—No. 2 mixed	42 1/2 @ 43
OATS—No. 2 mixed	25 1/2 @ 26
RYE—No. 2	55 1/2 @ 55 3/4
HAY—Choice timothy	14 75 @ 15
PORK—Family	15 50 @ 16
LARD—Steam	7 77 1/2 @ 7 80
BUTTER—Ch. dairy	14 @ 14 1/2
Choice creamery	23 1/2 @ 24
APPLES—Ch. to fancy	3 50 @ 3 75
POTATOES—per brl.	1 75 @ 1 85
TOBACCO—New	8 00 @ 14 75
Old	10 00 @ 13 75

Chicago.	
FLOUR—Win. patent.	3 85 @ 3 95
WHEAT—No. 2 red	75 @ 77
No. 3 red	70 @ 73
CORN—No. 2	40 1/2 @ 40 3/4
OATS—No. 2	25 1/2 @ 26
RYE—No. 2	53 @ 53 1/2
PORK—Mess	15 25 @ 15 50
LARD—Steam	7 85 @ 7 90

New York.	
FLOUR—Win. patent.	4 00 @ 4 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red	81 1/2 @ 83
CORN—No. 2 mixed	42 @ 43
OATS—No. 2 mixed	26 @ 26 1/2
RYE	61 @ 61 1/2
PORK—Family	16 00 @ 16 50
LARD—Steam	8 1 1/2 @ 8 2 1/2

Baltimore.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red	77 1/2 @ 78
Southern	72 @ 78 1/2
CORN—No. 2	41 @ 46
OATS—No. 2 mixed	30 @ 30 1/2
CATTLE—Butchers	4 75 @ 5 00
HOGS—Western	6 10 @ 6 15

Louisville.	
FLOUR—Win. patent.	4 25 @ 4 70
WHEAT—No. 2 red	77 @ 77
CORN—mixed (new)	42 @ 42 1/2
OATS—Mixed	28 1/2 @ 28 3/4
PORK—Mess	14 00 @ 14 00
LARD—Steam	7 62 1/2 @ 7 62 1/2

Indianapolis.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red	76 1/2 @ 76 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	39 1/2 @ 39 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	24 1/2 @ 24 1/2

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

their own feet, using the hide of deer, bear, calves, and swine.

I wish you to notice that the Fairchild family had no advantage over the families of our back mountain counties to-day except two: they had seen the improvements of Massachusetts and knew what could be accomplished by hard work, and they believed more strongly in education.

George was the tenth child in this family, and much younger than all the rest. By the time he was born his father had burned brick and built a comfortable house, and his older brothers were already away at school.

Twice in his childhood his family removed for a time to the college town of Oberlin so that sons and daughters might attend school. Finally three sons and two daughters completed a college course.

By this change from farm to village and back again he became perfectly familiar with all kinds of work, and gained strength for his not specially robust constitution by outdoor exercise.

He was a good learner. As a baby he could spell words with letters upon blocks before he could talk. During his college course he dropped out to teach school in Michigan, and during the latter part of his course he taught in the lower departments at Oberlin.

On the 25th of November, 1863, his parents celebrated their golden wedding (his father lived to be ninety-seven years old) and on that day their youngest son was married to his class-mate, Charlotte Halstead. In her George Fairchild found a wife whose affection, devotion, and wisdom were a life-long joy. They had graduated from college in 1862, and he was then in his Theological course. His mother was receiving her reward. Her son Henry was Principal of the Preparatory Department at Oberlin, and soon after came to Berea where he was President for twenty years. Her son James was soon after appointed President of Oberlin, a position he held for more than a quarter of a century.

And in 1865, George, the Benjamin of the tribe, was called to the Professorship of English Literature in the State Agricultural College of Michigan. This was the first great work of his life, and in it he continued for fifteen years. During these years he was more than a teacher—he was interested in all the affairs of the institution, and became its leading spirit, and for a time its acting President. Agricultural colleges were a new thing in those days, and Dr. Fairchild as a classically educated man did splendid service in making the newer courses both practical and popular. Here his children were born except the eldest daughter.

His talent and success were widely recognized, and in 1879 when Kansas needed a President for its new Agricultural College, he was called to that important post. Others will speak of his work in that institution. He saw a body of less than three hundred students increase to above eight hundred, and planned the laying out of instruction, the assembling of resources, and the organizing of forces, which made a true peoples college.

The greatest proof of his devotion to that work, to which eighteen years were given, was the manner of his leaving it. A political revolution swept over the state, and those who were newly come into power determined to capture the positions at the Agricultural College. There was no right or precedent by which they could do this, but they had the power, and set out to find excuses. Dr. Fairchild was subjected to the indignity of misrepresentation and slander. He went out of his high office without a stain upon his character, and without an answering word of reproach. And when free from responsibility for the college he still sought in all ways to promote its interest, and to enable those who had wronged both him and the state to manage it with largest success. No student left at his suggestion; no friend withdrew his support by his permission. And he cherished no resentment. I have never heard him mention the subject which must have been the great disappointment of his life.

The time soon came when the revolution was reversed. The people who with such dishonorable means had driven him out, were themselves forced to resign. Then came the question of Dr. Fairchild's return. Letters came from all parts of the state. But he said, "No, whoever goes there will need the support of all parties. A new man can do more for the college than I can." And thus he placed the interests of the institution

above his own interests or feelings. And this great magnanimity he exercised without any apparent effort—it seemed as though Dr. Fairchild could not be otherwise than magnanimous.

Then came a year without teaching. It must have seemed strange after his long service in Michigan and Kansas. But he visited with his children, who were already finding honorable positions in the world. The eldest daughter, Agnes M., was the wife of Chas. H. Kershner, esq., of Kansas City; the eldest son, Rev. Edwin M. Fairchild, was engaged in ethical education at Albany, N. Y.; the second son, Paul H., was engaged in scientific work and business in New York city. The youngest son was a special agent of the Bureau of Agriculture at Washington. The youngest daughter, Anna D., a graduate of the Kansas Agricultural College, is the wife of Prof. Francis H. White, a graduate of Princeton, and now Secretary of the Brooklyn Children's Aid Society. All but David are here to-day, and with him we have exchanged messages by cable-gram in Egypt.

These visits were a great satisfaction to him and to Mrs. Fairchild. And in connection with them he visited many institutions of learning, and took the opportunity to consult the great libraries of the east on matters connected with an important book which was begun at that time and completed later at Berea.

And then he came to Berea. You remember his appearance on our Commencement platform in '88. That autumn he became our Vice President. And to him and us it was a kindly Providence which brought him. He was in fullest sympathy with all that Berea stands for. He was an authority on the great Oberlin traditions which are worth so much to Berea. He had been named George Thompson after a famous abolitionist. He was experienced in administrative affairs. He was our fittest representative to the conference of southern educators, and the State Teachers Association. His last public duty was to act as judge at an oratorical contest at Lexington.

And, withal, he was unconscious of his superiority. We were never reminded in anyway of his special experiences, or dignity, or high qualifications.

My own relation to him was such as to test character. Dr. Fairchild and I had never met but once, and it is commonly believed that an old college President is an uncomfortable man to get along with. Each of us was taking a risk. But we gave each other our fullest confidence at once, and it was never disturbed for a moment.

The future may show that the two years given to Kentucky were the most important of his life. He certainly gave essential service to Berea College at one of the greatest crises of all its history. What the President and his wife have done during the last two years toward securing the perpetuity of this institution they could not have done it without a true and strong man here as Vice President.

And he was not here for the college alone. He was interested in every public enterprise. The little children on our streets loved him.

It is a comfort to know that he was happy in Berea. Such a man is always happy—he carries his heaven in his own heart. His salary was a mere fraction of that he had formerly received. His living apartments were far from grand. His work not such as to receive at once much of praise and applause. But he was doing good, and God gave him some vision of the larger aspects of the work here. We are glad to remember that he desired to spend his last days with us, and he began to build a home, not knowing that another mansion was so nearly ready.

Last summer he attended the reunion at Oberlin, and visited with many of his old friends. It was pleasant to see him walking arm in arm with his brother James, the venerable ex-president of Oberlin, now over eighty years of age.

But at that very season of joy the fatal disease laid hold upon him. He had an attack of jaundice as it appeared, and the surgeons now tell us that his life could only have been saved by some operation or radical treatment then. He went through the fall term with discomfort, but with no thought that an incurable malady was upon him. Soon after the opening of the winter term he gave up his classes, and for weeks we waited for his recovery which never came. Ten days ago he bade us good-bye, and quite enjoyed the trip to Columbus. On the train he dictated a let-

ter in interest of Berea College. At the hospital he learned that he seemed to have only "an even chance." But he was not dismayed. To his children he wrote, "You all know your father too well to need any last words. Your letters have cheered me before and since I came to Columbus, and I hope they will for many years." The operation at first seemed successful, but the physicians looked grave. Early Saturday morning he said, with parched lips, "Am I going?" and the answer was "yes." "Then give my love to all. My children know their father's wishes. There is no need to tell Mother my love—we have lived it."

It seems scarcely necessary to mention the lessons that are impressed by such a life—they are plain for us all to read. And still less is it fitting to enumerate the honors and public services of such a man. His friends will remember with honest pride that he was a Master of Arts, and a Doctor of laws, and again and again chosen president of great scientific bodies. In Ohio, Michigan, Kansas, and Kentucky, throughs of former students, and large institutions, suffer in his loss. He made his mark for good in four states.

But the great thing is that as son and brother, as husband and father, teacher and comrade, citizen and neighbor, he was a Christian man. The talents and opportunities which God gave him he used, and the whole world had the benefit of them. His record and his honors in this world are for us, his family and neighbors—not for him. He has heard the Savior say, "Well done, enter in."

FROM FOREIGN SOURCES.

It is estimated that the men of Great Britain spend £250,000 a year on silk hats.

Cremation is becoming increasingly popular in Paris, and the crematorium erected at the cemetery of Pere Lachaise has already been found to be too small. Additions are being made, and a third furnace, a large hall and a columbarium will soon be ready for use.

The annual loss in France caused by the ravages of hailstorms is said to amount to about \$3,000,000 francs. From 1873 to 1895 the figures varied from 40,000,000 to 134,000,000 francs. It is in the vineyards that the principal damage is done.

The celebrated Marble Arch, one of London's most notable landmarks, is shortly to be demolished, though the reason for such an act has not yet been published. This interesting object was built by George IV., at a cost of £80,000, as an entrance to Buckingham palace.

While India was suffering from the greatest famine it had ever experienced manna was found in the central provinces, where the scarcity had been most keenly felt. In March last the strange appearance of manna on the stems of the bamboo was reported, and notices of the phenomenon were published. The form in which the manna occurred was that of rods about an inch long and pleasantly sweet. This is said to be the first time in the history of these forests that a sweet and gummy substance has been known to exude from the trees.

OUR COUSINS OVER THE SEA.

Great Britain loses on an average 180 people a day by emigration.

The annual sales of German toys in Great Britain amount to over £2,000,000.

England has no journal of forestry. Germany has several, one of which is in its seventy-sixth year.

A hymn book of one of Cronje's drivers, with a bullet hole through it, fetched £1 8s at a sale in London.

The production of soap in Great Britain is about 45,000 tons per week, of which between 3,000 and 4,000 is made in London.

A Scottish soldier says that on entering a captured Boer laager he saw a girl about 18 or 19 years old lying dead, with a rifle in her hand and a bullet through her head.

The movement cityward is as marked in England as in America. In 1801 the proportion of town population in England to rural population was 36 per cent.; in 1891 it was 64 per cent.

Probably the most valuable stock in the world is that of the London New River company, of London. There are only 72 original shares, of which 36 are "adventurers' shares" and 36 "king's shares," the former commanding higher prices than the latter. A share sold recently for \$625,000.

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation. \$200 salary per year, payable weekly; \$5 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona-fide, definite salary, no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 384 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO.

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STAFFORD PRESS, 23 Church St., New Haven, Conn. 9-26.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for March 31, 1901.—Review.

[Prepared by H. C. Lenington.] GOLDEN TEXT.—He is despised and rejected of men.—Isa. 53:3.

NOTES AND COMMENTS. The following is a brief summary of the events of the past quarter's study in the order of their occurrence:

Friday, March 31, A. D. 30. Jesus arrives at Bethany from Jericho.

Saturday, April 1, A. D. 30. Mary anoints Jesus' feet at Bethany.

Sunday, April 2, A. D. 30. Jesus' triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and visit to the temple.

Monday, April 3, A. D. 30. Jesus curses the barren fig tree and cleanses the temple.

Tuesday, April 4, A. D. 30. The fig tree found withered.

Parables of the two sons, of the wicked husbandmen, of the marriage of the king's son.

Pharisees question Jesus concerning the payment of tribute, the Sadducees question about resurrection, and a lawyer asks what is the great commandment. Jesus, in return, asks: "What think ye of Christ?"

Condemnation of scribes and Pharisees, and lamentation over Jerusalem. The widow's mite.

Greeks seek Jesus, and Jesus' discourse (John 12:20-50).

Jesus prophesies overthrow of temple and end of the world.

Parables of the ten virgins, and of the talents.

Judas sells his Master for 30 pieces of silver.

Wednesday, April 5, A. D. 30. Jesus in retirement at Bethany.

Thursday, April 6, A. D. 30. Preparation for the Passover supper in the upper room, and the strife among disciples for precedence.

Jesus washes disciples' feet.

The supper, during which Jesus declares the betrayer. Judas goes out.

Institution of the Lord's supper. Jesus foretells Peter's fall.

Jesus' farewell discourse and intercessory prayer.

The agony in the garden of Gethsemane.

Jesus betrayed with a kiss and arrested.

Friday, April 7, A. D. 30. Jesus before Caiaphas and the Sanhedrin. Tried and condemned for blasphemy.

Peter thrice denies his Master. Judas hangs himself.

Jesus before Pilate, charged with sedition.

Jesus before Herod.

Pilate seeks to release Jesus, but the Jews demand Barabbas.

Jesus condemned, scourged and mocked.

Pilate again seeks to release Jesus. Jesus led away to be crucified.

Jesus crucified; soldiers cast lots for His garments; the penitent thief; seven words from the cross.

JOHN BRENT.

Maj. Theodore Winthrop's Great Story.—Horses, Hunting and Adventures in the West.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

An arroyo, the channel of a dry torrent, followed the pass. It had made its way as water does, not straightway, but by that potent feminine method of passing under the frowning front of an obstacle, and leaving the dull rock staring there, while the wild creature it would have held is gliding away down the valley. This zigzag channel baffled us; we must leap it without check wherever it crossed our path. Every second now was worth a century. Here was the sign of horses, passed but now. We could not choose ground. We must take our leaps on that cruel rock wherever they offered.

Poor Pumps! He had carried his master so nobly! There were so few miles to do! He had chased so well; he merited to be in the death.

Brent lifted him at a leap across the arroyo.

Poor Pumps! His hind feet slipped on the time-smoothed rock. He fell short. He plunged down a dozen feet among the rough boulders of the torrent-bed. Brent was out of the saddle almost before he struck, raising him.

No, he would never rise again. Both his forelegs were broken at the knee. He rested there, kneeling on the rocks where he fell.

Brent groaned. The horse screamed horribly, horribly,—there is no more agonized sound,—and the scream went echoing high up the cliffs where the red sunlight rested.

It costs a loving master much to butcher his brave and trusty horse, the half of his knightly self; but it costs him more to hear him shriek in such misery. Brent drew his pistol to put poor Pumps out of pain.

Armstrong sprang down and caught his hand.

"Stop!" he said in his hoarse whisper.

He had hardly spoken since we started. My nerves were so strained that this mere ghost of a sound rang through me like a death yell, a grisly cry of merciless and exultant vengeance. I seemed to hear its echoes, rising up and swelling in a flood of thick uproar, until they burst over the summit of the pass and were wasted in the crannies of the towering mountain-flanks above.

"Stop!" whispered Armstrong. "No shooting! They'll hear. The knife!"

He held out his knife to my friend.

Brent hesitated one heart-beat. Could he stain his hand with his faithful servant's blood?

Pumps screamed again.

Armstrong snatched the knife and drew it across the throat of the crippled horse.

Poor Pumps! He sank and died without a moan. Noble martyr in the old, heroic cause!

I caught the knife from Armstrong. I cut the thong of my girth. The heavy California saddle, with its machete and roll of blankets, fell to the ground. I cut off my spurs. They had never yet touched Fulano's flanks. He stood beside me quiet, but trembling to be off.

"Now Brent! up behind me!" I whispered,—for the awe of death was upon us.

I mounted. Brent sprang up behind. I ride light for a tall man. Brent is the slightest body of an athlete I ever saw.

Fulano stood steady till we were firm in our seats.

Then he tore down the defile.

Here was that vast reserve of power; here the tireless spirit; here the hoof striking true as a thunderbolt, where the brave eye saw footing; here that writhing agony of speed; here the great promise fulfilled, the great heart thrilling to mine, the grand body living to the beating heart. Noble Fulano!

I rode with a snaffle. I left it hanging loose. I did not check or guide him. He saw all. He knew all. All was his doing.

We sat firm, clinging as we could, as we must. Fulano dashed along the resounding path.

Armstrong pressed after—the gaunt white horse struggled to emulate his leader. Presently we lost them behind the curves of the Alley. No other horse that ever lived could have held with the black in that headlong gallop to save.

Over the slippery rocks, over the sheeny pavement, plunging through the loose stones, staggering over the barricades, leaping the arroyo, down, up, on, always on—on went the horse, we clinging as we might.

It seemed one beat of time, it seemed an eternity, when the ring of the hoofs I heard Brent whisper in my ear:

"We are there."

The crags flung apart, right and left. I saw a sylvan glade. I saw the gleam of gushing water.

Fulano dashed on, uncontrollable.

They were the murderers.

Arrived but one moment!

The lady still bound to that pack-mule branded A. & A.

Murker just beginning to unsaddle. Larrap not dismounted, in chase of the other animals as they strayed to graze.

The men heard the tramp and saw us as we sprang into the glade.

Both my hands were at the bridle. Brent, grasping my waist with one arm, was awkward with his pistol.

Murker saw us first. He snatched his six-shooter and fired.

Brent shook with a spasm. His pistol arm dropped.

Before the murderer could cock again Fulano was upon him!

He was ridden down. He was beaten, trampled upon the grass—crushed, abolished.

We disentangled ourselves from the melee.

Where was the other?

The coward, without firing a shot, was spurring Armstrong's Flathead horse blindly up the canon, whence we had issued.

We turned to Murker.

Fulano was up again, and stood there shuddering. But the man?

A hoof had battered in the top of his skull; blood was gushing from his mouth; his ribs were broken; all his body was a trodden, massacred carcass.

He breathed once, as we lifted him. Then a tranquil, childlike look stole over his face—that well-known look of the weary body, thankful that the turbulent soul has gone. Murker was dead.

Fulano, and not we, had been executioner. His was the stain of blood.

CHAPTER XXI.

LUGGERNEL SPRINGS.

"I am shot," gasped Brent, and sank down fainting.

Which first, the lady or my friend, slain perhaps for her sake?

"Her! see to her!" he moaned.

I unbound her from the saddle. I could not utter a word for pity. She essayed to speak; but her lips only moved. She could not change her look. So many hours hardening herself to repel, she could not soften yet, even to accept my offices with a smile of gratitude. She was cruelly cramped by her lashings to the rough pack-saddle, rudely cushioned with blankets. But the horror had not maddened her; the torture had not broken her; the dread of worse had not slain her. She was still unblenching and indomitable. And still she seemed to rule her fate with quiet, steady eyes—gray eyes with violet lights.

I carried her a few steps to the side of a jubilant fountain lifting beneath a rock, and left her there to Nature, kindest leech.

Then I took a cup of that brilliant water to my friend, my brother.

"I can die now," he said feebly.

"There is no death in you. You have won the right to live. Keep a brave heart. Drink!"

And in that exquisite spot, that fair glade of the sparkling fountains, I gave the noble fellow long draughts of sweet refreshment. The rescued lady trailed herself across the grass and knelt beside us. My horse, still heaving with his honorable gallop, drooped his head over the group. A picture to be remembered!

Who says that knighthood is no more? Who says the days of chivalry are past?

Brent was roughly, but not dangerously shot along the arm.

The bullet had ploughed an ugly path along the muscles of the fore-arm and upper-arm, and was lodged in the shoulder. A bad wound; but no bones broken. If he could but have rest and peace and surgery! But if not, after the fever of our day, after the wearing anguish of our doubtful gallop; if not?

Ellen Clithroe revived in a moment, when she saw another needed her care. Woman's gentle duty of nurse found her ready for its offices. My blundering good-will gave place willingly to her fine-fingered skillfulness. She forgot her own weariness, while she was magnetizing away the pangs of the wounded man by her delicate touch.

He looked at me and smiled with total content.

"My father?" asked the lady, faintly, as if she dreaded the answer.

"Safe!" said I. "Free from the Mormons. He is waiting for you with a friend."

Her tears began to flow. She was busy bandaging the wound. All was silent about us, except the pleasant gurgle of the fountains, when we heard a shot up the defile.

The sharp sound of a pistol shot came leaping down the narrow chasm, flying before the pursuit of its own thundering echoes. Those grand old walls of the Alley, facing each other there for the shade and sunshine of long, peaceful ages, gilded by the glow of countless summers, splashed with the gray of antique lichens on their purple fronts, draped from unnumbered Octobers with the scarlet wreaths of frost-ripened trailers—those solemn walls standing there in old silence, unbroken save by the uproar of winter floods, or by the humming flight of summer winds, or the louder march of tempests crowding on—those silent walls, written close with the record of God's handiwork in the long cycles of creation, lifted up their indignant voices when the shot within proclaimed to them the undying warfare of man with man, and, roaring after, they hurled that murderous noise forth from their presence. The quick report sprang out from the chasm into the quiet glade, where the lady knelt, busy with offices of mercy, and there it lost its vengeful tone, and was blended with the rumble of the mingled rivulets of the springs. The thundering echoes paused within, slowly proclaiming quiet up from crag to crag, until one after another they whispered themselves to silence. No sound remained, save the rumble of the stream, as it flowed away down the opening valley into the haze, violet under gold, of that warm October sunset.

I sprang up when I heard the shot, and stood on the alert. There were two up the Alley; which, after the shot, was living, and which dead?

Not many moments had passed when

I heard hoofs coming, and Armstrong rode into view. The gaunt white horse galloped with the long, careless fling I had noticed all day. He moved machine-like, as if without choice or volition of his own, a horse commissioned to carry a fate. Larrap's stolen horse trotted along by his old master.

Armstrong glanced at Murker's body lying there, a battered mass.

"Both!" he whispered. "The other was sent right into my hands to be put to death. I knew all the time it would be sent to me to do killing. He was spurring the Alley on my own horse. He snapped at me. My pistol did not know how to snap. See here!"

And he showed me, hanging from his saddle-horn, that loathliest of all objects a man's eyes ever lighted upon, a fresh scalp. It sickened me.

"Shame!" said I. "Do you call your self a man, to bring such a thing into a lady's presence?"

"It was rather mean to take the fellow's hair," says Armstrong. "I don't believe Brother Bill would have done it. But I felt awful ugly, when I saw that fat, low-lived devil, and thought of my brother, a big, hul-hearted man as never gave a bad word to nobody, and never held on to a dollar or a slug when any man wanted it more'n him. Come, I'll throw the nasty thing away, if you say so."

"Help me drag off this corpse, and we'll bury man and scalp together," I said.

We buried him at the gate of the Alley, under a great cairn of stones.

"God forgive them both," said I, as I flung the last stone, "that they were brutes, and not men."

"Brutes they was, stranger," says Armstrong, "but these things is ordered somehow. I allow your partner and you is glad to get that gal out of a Mormon camp, ef it did cost him a horse and both on you an all day's tremble. Men don't ride so hard, and look so wolfish, as you two men have did, unless their heart is into it."

"It is, indeed, strange," said I, rather thinking aloud than addressing my companion, "that this brute force should have achieved for us by outrage what love failed in. Fate seems to have played Brute against Brute, that Love might step between and claim the victory. The lady is safe; but the lover may have won her life and lost his own."

"Look here, stranger," says Armstrong, "part of this is yours," pointing to the money belt, which, with the dead man's knife and pistol he had taken from the corpse. "Halves of this and the other fellow's plunder belongs to your party."

I suppose I looked disgusted, yet I have seen gentle ladies wearing boastfully brooches that their favorite heroes had taken from Christian men dead on the field at Inkermann, and shawls of the loot of Delhi cover many shoulders that would shudder over a dead worm.

"I'm not squimmy," said Armstrong. "It's my own and my brother's money in them belts. I'll count that out, and then, if you won't take your part, I'll pass it over to the gal's father. I allowed from signs there was, that that tar boss Mormon had about tuk the old man's pile. Most likely those shiners they won last night is some of the very sufferin' Sizzum got from him. It's right he should hev 'em back."

I acknowledged the justice of this restitution.

"Now," said Armstrong again, "you want to stay by your friend and the gal, so I'll take one of the pack mules and fetch your two saddles along before dark lights down. It was too bad to lose that iron gray; but there's more'n two horses into the hide of that black of yours. He was the best man of the lot for the goin', the savin', and the killin'. Stranger, I've ben by'n' and sellin' and breedin' ketrypids ever since I was raised myself; but I allow I never seed a horse till I seed him lunge off with you two on his back."

Armstrong rode up the Alley again. Another man he was since his commission of vengeance had been accomplished. In those lawless wilds, vendetta takes the place of justice, becomes justice indeed. Armstrong, now that his stern duty was done, was again the kindly, simple fellow nature made him, the type of a class between pioneer and settler, and a strong, brave, effective class it is. It was the education in youth in the sturdy habits of this class that made our Washington the manly chief he was.

I returned to my friends by the Springs.

(To be continued.)

It is difficult, says the Dublin Express, to persuade any one who has noticed the multitude of frogs in Ireland that they were only introduced there artificially, and as lately as the beginning of the last century. It was a Dr. Gunthers, of Guithers, who, in 1805, turned out a handful of spawn into a ditch near Trinity college. For some years the frogs appear to have contented themselves with the neighborhood of that university, but by 1821 they were found forty miles away, from which point they spread over the whole island.

Jules Verne has declined to allow his name to be offered to the French academy, and while begging that body to accept the "gratitude of an old story-teller," replies: "I have just completed my seventy-third year and do not at such an age aspire to the academy. Dumas, the younger, asked me twenty-eight years ago, I declined and since then fifty-nine academicians have died. They may be immortals, but they have not been rendered immortal."

STOCK AND STABLE.

STUDY OF VENTILATION OF INTEREST TO STOCKMEN.

Necessity of Cleanliness, Fresh Air and Sunlight to Procure the Best Results—System to Be Used at Pan-American Exposition.

The Pan-American Exposition will prove to be of more genuine benefit to those interested in the proper care of live stock than any previous effort in this direction. Stable construction is a question that appeals with great force to every farmer who is anxious to secure good results. The question of expense is a great barrier to the proper building of this necessity. Unfortunately some of the early examples of good stables were built by men of large means, regardless of what the cost might be. As a result practical farmers were slow to take the matter up, as the idea of a properly constructed stable became at once associated with great expense.

One object of Mr. F. A. Converse, who has charge of the live stock and dairy products at the Exposition, in building a model stable at the Exposition is to counteract this erroneous impression.

A properly constructed stable is not necessarily an expensive one. Cleanliness, fresh air and sunlight, with a modulated temperature, may be obtained in a building of ordinary cheap construction if properly arranged.

A light, cheap framework covered with paper which is protected with a sheathing of very common boarding and covered with a good roof makes a very good start. This should stand on ground that is well drained and exposed to the sunlight, but protected from cold winds. The floor should be of cement and carefully designed to facilitate cleanliness in every particular. Double doors, fly screens and dark blinds should be provided and made to fit properly.

A system of ventilation should be provided that will ventilate. Anything will not do. By excluding the cold and the light ordinarily we also shut out the fresh air, without which no animal can thrive. Many stockmen are careful about the quality of the food, though careless about everything else in connection with the stable. In this manner they are protecting their stock in one direction while leaving them exposed in many others.

Stable air is devitalized by passing through the lungs, it is also being contaminated by chemical decomposition of the excrementum as well as the fumes arising from the fermentation of damp bedding, etc.

To thoroughly understand how to properly ventilate a stable it is necessary to study the circulation of air at changing temperatures, which is governed by fixed laws and may be easily understood. Warm air is lighter than cold air. Generally speaking, foul air is heavier than fresh pure air from the outside, even at the same temperature. Starting from this well known principle, ventilation should be arranged accordingly. Fresh air should be let in at the top and the foul air taken out at the bottom.

By experimenting we find if we make a clear in the middle of a room

the fresh air in, the other, the King system, draws the foul air out. As Mr. Converse prefers the latter, that is the system he will demonstrate at the Exposition.

It consists of an air stack with a hood, the opening of which is turned away from the direction from which the wind is blowing. To this main air pipe are attached feeders from different parts of the stable. These feeders have slide openings to admit and carry off the foul air from near the floor at the sides of the stable. Fresh air is admitted through a central opening in the roof.

As the draft that is created by the hooded stack is sufficient to draw the bottom air from the stable, fresh air must go down through the central opening to take its place, and a change of air is a certainty. To prevent the intake from striking the animals too strong, a shield is placed under the opening which assists in directing the flow of fresh air along the ceiling. In this manner it mixes with the warm air that naturally rises in the center of the stable, and all is intermingled and diffused.

With a good stable well ventilated and good feed intelligently fed the winter care of stock should be profitable as well as pleasant.

Epidemics have no bad effects on such stock, and a visit from the board of health has no unpleasant consequences for the owner.

HERBERT SHEARER.

PROFUSION OF LIGHT.

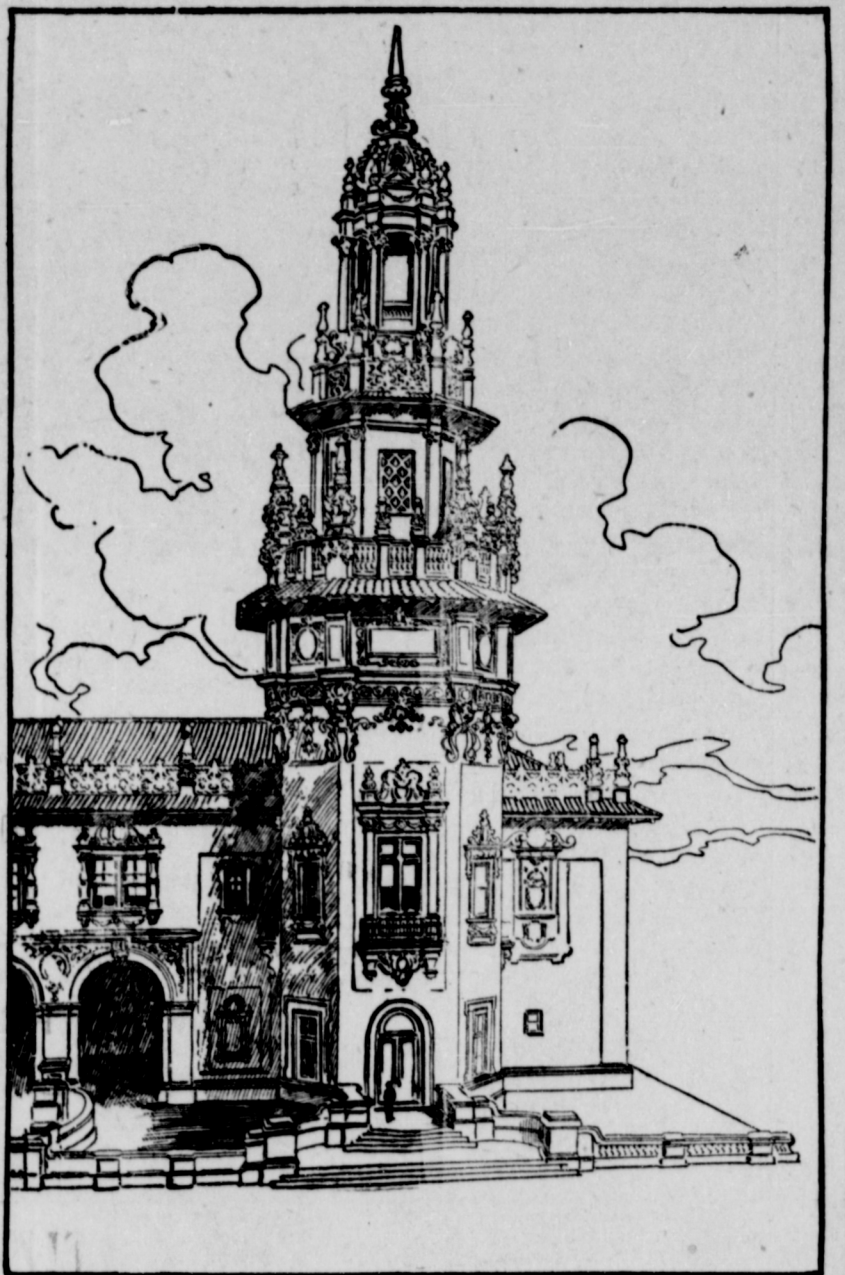
More Than Three Hundred Thousand Lamps at Pan-American.

It has been said that the Pan-American Exposition will be a Rainbow City by day and City of Light by night, and if this be true it should prove the most beautiful sight of its kind ever created for the delectation of the human vision.

Much has been written about the illuminations of the Exposition, but the public is scarcely aware of the magnificence of the scene which is to be created by the use of incandescent lights in such generous profusion about the main court of the Exposition and the buildings immediately surrounding it. When one says that 300,000 of these lights are to be used, the figures look large, but they are nevertheless true. Nor does this include all the lights that are to be used in the general illumination of the Exposition, for on the Midway several concessions, such as the Thompson Aerocycle, Streets of Mexico and some others will use as many as 2,000 lights each. In the buildings and about the border of the grounds will be arc lights, while incandescent lamps will also be used by many individual exhibitors. Thus the figures 300,000 will be considerably increased. The illumination of the Electric Tower is going to be not only astonishing and novel, but truly artistic.

Automobile Exhibit.

The automobile has won such favor that the construction of these vehicles has become one of the important new industries of the world. In any new and prominent field like this the United States, with its wealth of active inventive minds, is expected to take the lead. That this country does lead will be demonstrated by the exhibit made at the Pan-American Exposition.



TOWER ON THE PLAZA—PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

the smoke goes first to the ceiling, where it spreads in every direction until it reaches the side walls, when it will descend.

This would indicate that we should admit fresh air at or near the center of the ceiling and draw the foul air from the different sides of the room near the base. There are two systems in use in our best stables. One forces

An instructive Exhibit.

On the street, in the stores, in dwellings, all about, there is evidence of the advancement of that wonderful force, electricity. Is it any wonder that people in all walks of life, of all classes, want to know about it? This is what the electrical exhibits of the Pan-American Exposition are destined to interest and instruct so many.

VERSES GRAVE AND GAY.

That Fine Old Scarf.

Oh, where's the fine old colored scarf in boyhood days I knew, The ample, knitted folds of which concealed the face from view; That great old scarf that usually was more than three yards long And lasted years because it was so durable and strong;

That scarf that was an overcoat when it was rightly placed, That went three times around the neck and twice around the waist, That crossed the breast in such a way it vanquished old Jack Frost.

That was so big and tied so tight it never could be lost; That joyous scarf of colors bright that gave appearance gay, With fringed or else long-tasseled ends—oh, where is it to-day?

It may be on the country roads, it may be in the wood; It is not seen on city streets—that much is understood; And so my sympathy now goes to all the city boys

Who cannot well appreciate its comforts and its joys. Though there be many substitutes, naught else can take its place; Naught else, when winter's measures charm, will so protect the face And keep the neck and body warm, while giving freedom, too—I would my children had such scarfs as I in boyhood knew.

—Chicago Evening Post.

The "Jolly-er."

I'm allus kind o' glad to see the "jolly-er" come along; The feller that kin tell a joke or mebbe sing a song; The man that puts up lightnin' rods you really didn't need, Or sells you ground that isn't wuth the paper in the deed.

He has a way o' shakin' hands an' sayin' "How-dy-doh!" That jes' convinces you he thinks the world an' all o' you. He doesn't kear fur money; he is sech a generous elf! An' purty soon he has you feelin' jes' that way yourself!

But I don't bear him any grudge; I jes' take off my hat. He's made this ol' world brighter, an' I'm obliged to him for that. I listen to his stories (an' at some I'm laughing yit), An' try to git off jes' as cheap as reason will permit.

Fur it's wuth a little somethin' to have some one comin' out To make you feel that you're the real thing without a doubt; A regular steppin' thoroughbred—much swifter than the throng— You feel that you're right in it when the jolly-er comes along.

—Washington Star.

Life.

'Tis sweet to live, when Life and Joy are one, And lessening dusk and growing light are twain, While shadows flying come not back again.

Since every pathway climbs toward the sun; Where Virtue finds no ancient foes to shun, But looks on Envy's latest champion slain; When plodding Patience struggles not in vain, And leaves complete the arduous task begun.

What of the Life, that striving prays for Peace? Though Darkness follow all the lone-some ways, And Malice haunt it hurrying down the slope? When Labor battling yields no just increase,

Yet fights in pain thro' length of weary days, And keeps its faith, still finding room for Hope? —Clarence H. Urner, in National Magazine.

The Lesson of the Archer.

Adown the glade, the mark is full and fair; A taut string twangs, an arrow cleaves the air; But some mischance—a twig, a vagrant gust— And the bright barb is hidden in the dust!

Oh, Brothers of the Bow! whose shafts have spent Their speed, and, speeding, shunned their targeted intent, Think ye, because their steel with earth was stained, That you no quarry by their flight have gained?

Not so. 'Tis good your lack of skill to rue, But every failure makes your aim more true. A touch of truth is sent to hand and eye By each wild missile that athwart does fly. No yew bow yet was strained its stubborn length

But gave the archer's arm an added strength. And life's charged quiver has, for lesson, this: "Ye learn to strike by stress of many a miss." —H. M. Lome, in Success.

"Dare to Praise."

"O master," I implored, "what may I do To help men walk in easier ways?—How may I to myself be nobly true?" My master answered: "Dare to praise!"

"O master, Fate is harsh—men sigh Beneath the burdens that she lays Upon their shoulders—how may I Restore their faith in Him on high?" My master answered: "Dare to praise!"

"O master, there are those that weep For loved ones lost—through all their days The mourning winds of sorrow sweep—How may I hush their grief to sleep?" My master answered: "Dare to praise!"

"O master," I implored, "how may I shed A little light across the ways Wherein the broken-hearted, halting, tread?" My master answered: "Dare to praise!"

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

When Love Went By.

When Love went by I scarcely bent My eyes to see which way he went. Life had so many joys to show, What time had I to watch him go, Or bid him in, whom folly sent?

But when the day was well-nigh spent, From out the casement long I leant. Ah, would I had been watching so When Love went by!

Gray days with dismal nights are blent, Lonely and sad and discontent; I would his feet had been more slow. Oh, heart of mine, how could we know Or realize what passing meant

When Love went by? —Theodosia Pickens, in Woman's Home Companion.

Only a Dream.

Too bright, too beautiful, dear, to stay In the gloom, or the glory-gloom: You were a dream, but you passed away. And life itself is a dream.

Many a heartache, many a fear, Many a sigh and many a tear, And a thorn-wreath red for the brows to wear— But life is only a dream!

Out of the storm and bitter strife, For all that our fortunes give, Do we not dream of a sweeter life? Ours the life we live? Nay a song and many a sigh, Night and dark in a morning sky, And a dream of a dream in the by and by— Ah, life itself is a dream!

—W. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.



THE WAY OF SUCCESS.

Story of a Ship's Captain as to How He Gained a Position of Responsibility.

"Will you reach land to-morrow, captain?" asked a passenger on board the Alaska, after a long and searching look through his field glasses. "Yes, about the middle of the afternoon," replied the captain, who was having a merry chatter with his youngest passenger, a winsome little maid. "You are a jolly captain," observed the passenger. "Why should I not be? I have a good ship—none better sails the seas; a good crew, God's free air and sunshine in abundance and plenty to eat and drink."

"But you are particular what your drink shall be. I observe you never accept an invitation to drink a glass of wine with anyone." "No. I draw the line against all strong drinks," "Have you scruples against them?" "Well, I suppose so. I know they would have no scruples against me, should I indulge. I suppose I might to-day be only an ordinary sailor before the mast, drinking and swearing, were it not for the advice of a good old sea captain, with whom I sailed when I first took to the sea. I began to take my wrong grog with the rest, till one day he called me in his cabin and advised me to give it up. He said: 'If anything in the world will keep you down, grog will. If you wish to be ordered about, kicked about, and despised by everybody, drink grog, but if you wish to rise,



"LEAVE GROG ALONE."

If you wish to be a smart, clever, healthy sailor boy, and one that every girl loves to look at and to know and respect, leave grog alone. If you wish to be trusted by your captain and officers, if you wish to rise in your profession, leave grog alone! I did, and am very glad. Grog is a dangerous thing on ship-board. I know for a fact that most of the accidents at sea are caused by drink. Spirituous liquors are more dangerous than gunpowder. Cool heads and steady hands are needed by those who manage a sailboat, a yacht or command a ship."

"ARSENICAL WALK."

Peculiar Affliction of Men Who Drink Much Beer Which is Made of Glucose.

Newest of all galls is the "arsenical walk," which may be acquired, says George A. De Lesing, a chemist, by the drinking of beer made from glucose. Dr. De Lesing is a member of the Society of Chemical Industry, New York city, at a meeting of which, a few days ago, Prof. Langmuir announced that he had found traces of arsenic in American beers. There was an indignant protest from the chemists interested in the manufacture of glucose and of the "simple elixir of malt and hops."

De Lesing says that during his residence in London last year he observed the strange, halting gait of the English beer drinkers, and he has also seen it in New York city breweries, where the employees are permitted to have as much beer as they wish to drink. The chemist has not made a test of American beers, as Prof. Langmuir says he has done, but he thinks it likely that many of the cheaper kinds contain enough arsenic to be deleterious to health.

"The arsenic accumulates in the system," said Dr. De Lesing the other day, "and the victim suffers from neuritis. The skin of the soles of the feet becomes hard and scales. The muscles of the lower limbs become hardened and as a result cause that peculiar gait which has become common with Englishmen who drink beer in large quantities."—Chicago Record.

ITEMS.

If thou wouldst be true to thyself avoid "vice" and "strong drink."—National Advocate.

The license committee of the Chicago council has recommended an ordinance prohibiting the establishment of saloons within 200 feet of a church or school.

Stringent anti-cigarette bills have been introduced in the legislature of Minnesota and Illinois during the past week, while Wisconsin has passed the Overbeck bill with very little opposition.

Gov. McMillan of Tennessee, in his inaugural message, not only advocated the reenactment of the anti-cigarette law, but recommended that the "age of consent" be raised from 16 years and one day, as it now stands, to 18 years, giving his reasons therefor in a clear and logical manner.

Correspondence.

Madison County.

Peytontown. Charles Bowman has bought the stock and fixture of Perry Munday, and Mr. Munday is working at the carpenter trade.

Curt Sherrier, who has been ill from pneumonia is recovering his health.

Harry Turner and wife spent Sunday with his brother on Tallow Fork. Rev. J. A. Blythe preached here last Sunday.

Mrs. Lizzie Bennett is still on the sick list.

Bourbon County.

Millersburg. Mrs. Mary Emery is quite sick.

A special program is to be rendered at the Christian church, Easter Sunday. All are invited.

Mrs. James Mayberry and little Roswell are visiting Mrs. John Mayberry.

P. Griggs is improving.

Miss Amanda Price and Mrs. Thomas will give an entertainment, March 30, for the benefit of the Sunday school.

Mrs. French Washington, of Paris, and Mrs. Clark, of Mt. Ray, visited Mrs. Ranson last week.

Eld. W. A. Bowen is much improved and filled his pulpit last Sunday.

Horace Baker is suffering greatly from an operation for a tumor, the operation was performed at home.

Clay Williams, of Paris, visited Sam Ross a few days last week.

Mason County.

Maysville. Mrs. Julia Yates is seriously ill with the grippe at her home on Lexington Pike.

Charlie W. Strawder Jr., of Cincinnati, spent Saturday and Sunday with his grandma, Mrs. Mary Strawder, of Lawrence Creek.

Rev. Wm. Southgate preached his farewell sermon to a crowded audience Sunday morning. Mr. Southgate is a very able preacher, and the members of the M. E. Church are anxious for the conference to send him back to them.

Profs. Davis and Garvin visited the city Saturday.

Anna Berry is able to attend school after having had a severe attack of pneumonia.

John A. Steward is critically ill with consumption.

Prof. T. A. Reid preached to a large audience at the M. E. Church, Sunday night.

Owsley County.

Eversole. Mrs. Jane Stats, of Wolf Creek, visited Mrs. Margaret Moore last Saturday and Sunday.

Price Moore and his sister Dora, attended services on Meadow Creek, last Sunday.

C. B. Moore has his house nearly completed.

Whitney Minter, of Booneville, has moved to his farm on Indian Creek.

Most of the farmers are making rapid progress with their spring work.

Last Thursday the woods were set on fire by burning brush on Alfred Bolin's land. Very little fence was lost, but a great deal of woodland belonging to C. B. and Price Moore was burned over.

The CITIZEN is always a welcome visitor to our homes.

A. J. Edwards has returned to his home at Manchester.

Mrs. Margaret Moore bought two fine turkeys of James Gabbard.

Grant Gabbard took a load of potatoes to Beattyville last Monday for which he received 70 cents a bushel.

C. B. Moore will start for Lexington next week to purchase a supply of

house-hold furniture with which to furnish his new house.

Jackson County.

Kerbyknob. William Jones is decidedly better.

Miss Laura Spence passed through here last week on her way back to Berea. Miss Spence has been visiting her father.

Little Rosa Powell is almost well again.

Mrs. Larkin Kirby has been quite low but is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Ballard have returned from a visit to Berea.

Some very lively speeches were made here last week by Col. Clark, Jackson Morris, and others. Morris spoke at Cave Spring a few days later.

A Minister's Institute will be held here next Saturday and Sunday.

Rev. James Lunsford preached at the Oak Grove church, Sunday.

West French visited the Sunday schools at Kerbyknob and the Parks school district where he teaches a singing class.

Green Hall. Farmers are busy preparing for their crops.

Miss Louella Farmer and Walter Carmon were guests of Miss Cora Mudman, recently.

A number of our young people had an enjoyable visit with Mr. and Mrs. Price Eager last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Seales, of Major, visited relatives here last week.

Misses Belle and Lena Flannery visited relatives at Welchburg, recently.

Jackson Morris and W. H. Clark, candidates for representatives of the 71st district, spoke at Maulden, last Thursday.

James Flannery has returned from East Burnside with a load of merchandise for J. E. Holeum.

Major Pierson shot and killed Nick Madden at the store of Evans & Crouch, near here, last week.

Saloons Must Go!

Written for the CITIZEN by HENRY ALLEN LAINE.

Fate has decreed that rum shall go. In spite of what the scoundrels say. That evil which the world so dreads. The world opposes it today. With warmer ardor, stronger blows. Which very plainly goes to show. The people are determined that Saloons Must Go!

What good are they, that they should stay. To tempt to poison, kill, corrupt. There's naught that satters misery. Half like the dregs of a poison cup! The homes where once glowed light and joy. All gloomy now with want and woe. Should rouse the pity of mankind. And demon drink Be made To go!

But hail, all hail to that great day. When alcohol which waters round. Such sin, and shame, and misery. Shall nowhere in this land be found! The Christian folk of every creed Should fight the ranks that onward go. To fight this monster of the age—Saloons Must Go!

The prayers of millions that ascend. From hearts all broken and in pain. Bereaved and torn by alcohol. Are heard by God and not in vain. The Kansas crusade's but a straw. Which shows how winds of heaven blow. But speaks to us in thunder tones. Saloons Must Go!

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Address: THE CITIZEN, Berea, Ky.

THE HOME.

Edited by MISS GRACE J. STOKES, Instructor in Domestic Science, Berea College.

Sugar Curing Hams.

There are few things which help farmers so much as the agricultural papers and Farmers' Institutes. The discussion of topics of mutual interest broadens the mind and gives one new ideas and improved methods of performing their duties. Institutes are profitable in a social way also. One of the greatest objections to farm life is lack of social intercourse, and a good institute will do a great deal toward removing this drawback.

At a recent meeting of this kind the subject discussed was the best method of curing and keeping hams. All members agreed that the quality of the meat depended in a great measure upon the kind of hogs and the way they are cared for. Much better meat is obtained from the thoroughbred hog than the common scrub. In order to be perfectly healthy, they need plenty of range with as great variety of feed as possible, and plenty of fresh, clear water. They should be killed in cold, frosty weather, and after scalding and cleaning, hung up to cool over night. Several methods of salting and smoking were presented, but the following, which was given by a farmer who has gained the reputation of always having the best sugar cured hams in the county, was accepted as the most satisfactory.

Cut the meat up in the morning and shape the hams nicely. Salt lightly to bring the blood out and allow it to remain a day or two. Prepare a brine, using ten pounds of salt, two ounces of saltpeter, two pounds of brown sugar, one ounce of red pepper and five gallons of water for each hundred pounds of meat. Let this brine, which will be strong enough to float a fresh egg, stand until the ingredients have dissolved; then place the hams in a tight barrel and pour the brine over them until they are covered. After ten days, pour the brine off and cover with fresh brine, prepared as the first was. When they have been in the brine a month, take them out, wipe with a cloth, and while still damp, sprinkle powdered borax over them, using a tablespoonful to fifteen pounds of meat. A large pepper box is a great help in applying it. Hang them up and smoke with hickory chips two or three weeks. Slip each ham in a flour sack and hang them up in a cool, dry place until you wish to use them. The preservative qualities of borax are recognized by all who have tried it, and it is now used in all the large packing-houses. Western Housekeeper in Farm, Field and Fireside.

Lancaster, Ky., March 22, 1901.

EDITOR CITIZEN:

Several months ago one of our merchants shipped eight cases of eggs to Chas. L. Pettis & Co., New York, prepaying the express on them. He has never heard from them though he has written them several times.

Yours truly,

G. M. PATTERSON,

Agent, Adams Ex. Co.

The above letter was received last Monday, and explains itself. (Ed.)

Farm for SALE.—Four miles south of Berea, 25½ acres of good farm land, 12½ acres of it in cultivation. It has house, stables, crib, and good well near the house, also an orchard of 25 fruit trees. For particulars address Harvey Knuckles, Conway, Ky. 14.

SAW MILL for SALE. A twelve horse power engine, mounted on wheels, and a Handy Saw Mill and Grist Mill combined, all in good order, at prices to suit the times. Call on or address, J. W. Lambert, Conway, Ky. 31.

THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. MASON, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

The Helpful Hen.

The success with a flock of hens depends upon management. Having once chosen a breed—and it is all important to do this at the start, taking into consideration just what qualities you desire—to study their nature and care is second step. Proper housing, feeding, mating and breeding come next. After this we have the production of eggs and raising of the chicks to marketable size. Once this branch, which is really the market side of the business, is mastered, attention to breeding fine specimens may be added. I do not agree with many breeders that fine birds, bred with the desire for show specimens, should be the first step. This belongs more especially to the amateur fancier, who may be indifferent to profits, but more anxious for reputation gained by success in the show room. It would be folly to attempt to breed a race-horse before one had any knowledge of horse breeding at all. It is true it costs no more to keep a show bird than it does a scrub, but it costs considerably more to lose the former than the latter. To start with thoroughbred stock, I believe in fully. The strongest and healthiest specimens one can obtain are none too good for the market branch. These are getting scarce enough, and it would pay breeders better to improve their flocks with this end in view than to devote so much time to form and feathers.—E. O. Roessle.

For profit in egg production, we must see to it that every hen is strictly kept to business, allowing none but those wanted for the work to sit an unnecessary moment in a broody mood, as every hour means loss of flesh and fewer eggs. Catch, of an evening, and confine in some roomy inclosure, give a little more than half the usual ration, plenty of water, grit, and green stuff, and in a few days they will be broken of the incubating desire and after a little begin to lay again; whereas, if half starved to death, as was the custom with the common dunghill in our forefathers' day, it will take them fully a month to recuperate.—Mrs. Helen E. Bailey.

"As a corrective of injudicious over-feeding, as a preventive of indigestion, charcoal has no equals. Feed every other day, making it about the size of corn for fowls, and the size of wheat for chicks. Charred corn on cob is an excellent way for giving charcoal. Place a few ears of corn in the oven, and keep them there until they are burned black to the cob. Corn charcoal can thus be made as wanted. The older and dryer the corn the easier it will be to make charcoal and the better it will be. The best way to feed is to give just what the fowls will eat up clean. In that way it is little exposed to air."

No farmer can expect to be successful with poultry unless he knows what he is doing. He may be gaining or losing, according to circumstances, and, if the exact condition of affairs could be known, it would largely serve to guard against mistakes or assist in increasing receipts. Every farmer and poultryman should keep an exact account of every dollar expended and received. By so doing the hens will show what they have done for every week and month in the year, and the prices will partially enable one to know what the market may be for the corresponding period of the next year. It is much easier to keep an account with hens than with the larger stock, as there are usually daily receipts of eggs, which need only be counted and entered, while the food can be measured in bulk and fed out until it is consumed. If farmers would keep strict account of fowls they would be surprised at the profit derived in proportion to the capital invested; and there is no better time to begin than when the new year is just beginning. The accounts could be kept by one of the younger members of the family.—Farm and Fireside.—Report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture.

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by J. W. Dinsmore, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

What It Means to be a Teacher

An Essay for closing Exhibition of Winter Term, by MISS KATHERINE M. BULLIS.

What does it mean to be a teacher? Let us ask some teacher who might know. We will visit her school-room—her workshop.

We are pleased to note that the teacher has made an effort to beautify the room. There are good pictures on the walls, there are attempts at pretty furnishings. She herself is neat and pleasing in appearance. She evidently recognizes the fact that as much of the child's time is spent in the school room, that part of his life should be surrounded with pleasant, attractive objects.

But the most important feature in the school-room is the group of children gathered around this teacher.

"She is telling them a story of wonderful adventure, in which the hero is described as performing a deed of self-sacrifice. To her questions at the close of the story, 'Johnny, do you think our hero did right? Would you have done so?' the little man, looking at her with bright eyes, replies, 'Yes. You told us it is right to give up what we want very much to some one else.'"

Surely here is the teacher to answer our question.

When there is an opportunity we ask her, "Does teaching mean to you the mere getting of money?" She replies, "I must have wages for my labors—I am earning my own living, but I want to be a true teacher for I love my work." Again, "Do you mean that you wish to be able to so teach that your pupils will be possessed of a certain amount of knowledge?" To which she says, "I want them to know a great deal and to be able to think for themselves. But most of all I want them to learn to love the right. I want to be a true teacher."

The expression, "a true teacher" attracts our attention. It sounds suggestive, it is full of meaning. It means more to us because there are those who have not considered it as did this teacher with whom we conversed.

We all remember some teacher of our acquaintance who seemed to us to care very little about us and our life. Her greatest concern seemed to be to obtain from us as much work as possible. Did we commit some offense, her wrath could not be appeased. Our school-life was a burden, and our instructor a thorn in the flesh. We are thankful that many such as these do not enter the ranks, but there are scores of thoughtless, indifferent ones, who teach for the purpose of making it a stepping-stone to something more to their choice.

Now, what is the difference between the true teacher and these others?

What teacher do you now think of who, loving you, brought out the best that was within you? She tried not only to develop your mental faculties, but to arouse within you a desire to be more than a collector of knowledge. She implanted within you, by her own zeal and earnest endeavor, an upward tendency, toward higher and better standard than you had ever before thought of. She showed you how to study, and how to control yourself. She taught you that the most important thing for you to learn was to do the right in the face of all odds, and to "study to show yourself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

Then what does it mean to you to be a teacher? Does it not mean that in your school of, perhaps, forty little people you have forty individuals each with an infinite soul, placed in your care to do with as you will?

The true teacher will decide on three points: (1) What is this child pupil as he presents himself to me? (2) What do I desire him to be? Into what do I wish to mold him? and (3) What method must be employed in order that these aims and ideas may be realized?

The true teacher will work out these queries from the inborn conviction that such work is worth while. That must come first and just as surely as the stars and planets remain in their places with the unswerving fixity of God's purpose, so the true, unfaltering character of the sincere earnest teacher will lead and establish the unformed character of his pupils.

A teacher is a pilot to a child. There are dangerous ways through which the child will have to pass, they are beset with rocks of temptation, and are often narrow and stony. The vigilant pilot will steer clear of the breakers, will look for the lights ahead, and will try to guide safely the young voyager to that goal which is the development of the mind, soul, and body.

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